ANOTHER BLOODY CRIME.

NEW YORK, July 8 .- John Warner, ac ompanied by his son Joseph, hired a hall edroom in the flat at 192 West Tenth street about two months ago. Beyond a casual observation that he was apparently a Canadian no one knew much about him The man came and went at regular hours and at night he and the boy always slept in the house. At daybreak Wednesday morn-ing pistol shots were heard in Warner's room, and on the door being forced open by the landlord and one of the lodgers Warner was found dead, with a big pistol in his hand, and his son in a dying condition with a bullet hole in his temple.

The police of the Ninth precinct were otified and in a few minutes an ambulance dashed up and the boy was taken to St. Vincent's hospital. He died on the ier on which he was placed to be car-

stretcher on which he was placed to be carried to the reception room. Immediate search was made for an explanation of the tragedy. Warner, who had the appearance of a German Jew, but from his conversation had evidently been Christianized, was said by the landlady to have been in a much higher position and was looking for some means of livelinood in New York. No papers or letters could be found. The coroner has taken charge of the bodies.

LATER—It was learned that Warner was some years ago a successful tailor doing business at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. After making a comfortable fortune he unluckily tried his hand at speculating in stocks and lost all his money. Other misfortune befell him and he has never been able to retrieve his condition or get his son started in life. It is supposed that despondency from these causes led to his crime.

#### INDIANS DISSATISFIED.

The Rumor that Pound-Maker Had Been Starved to Death Makes a Commotion Among the Indians of the Northwest-Newspapers Sued for Libel.

OTTAWA, Ont. July 8.—The arrest of Chief Breaking-Through-the-Ice has caused much commotion among the Indians in the neighborhood of Edmonton. Several consultations have already taken place between these and the chiefs of the Crees, Chippewa's and Bob-Tails. A petition detailing their wrongs, and asking redress, will soon be forwarded by them to Sir John Macdonald. Better provisions and clothing are demanded or else they will revolt. The news of Poundmaker's death caused a sensation among them Monday. and the "death-dance" was performed with all its horrible attributes. About 400 braves covered with war paint took part. They have gotten hold of a report which is fully confirmed that Poundmaker died of starvation, caused by neglect on the part of the whites, and are furious in consequence. The mounted police force will be recruited

at once.

Boston, July 8.—A Washington special to the Heruid says that the butter oleomargarine war has resulted in suits against the Cincinnati Enquirer and Pittsburgh Dispatch, in which the papers will be filed today. The complainant is Joseph H. Reall, president of the American Agricultural and Dairy Association, and damages will be laid at \$100,000 in each case. The libel is based on articles charging that the Dairymen's Association is a myth, and is only used by Reall to gulf farmers and dairymen out of contributions, ostensibly to fight butter in Congress. General Butter and Major Foster, of Virginia, have been retained for the prosecution. The Washington correspondents of the papers anentioned are also to be arrested for criminal libel.

## A TERRIBLE DEATH.

An Allen County Farmer Falls Before Mowing Machine and is Horribly Muti

LIMA. O., July 8.—Shawnee township was the scene of a terrible accident Tuesday that resulted in the death of Isaac Andrew, a well-to-do farmer living about six miles southwest of this city, on the Spencerville road. He was driving a team hitched to a self-binder, cutting wheat on the farm of a neighbor, when the horses became frightfor several rods until the bounding of the machine threw him in front of the cuttor-bar and he was dragged along in front of the knife for about twenty feet, when he was rolled into a dead furrow and the machine passed over him, but not until he was mutilated in a horrible manner. The he was mutilated in a horrible manner. The fiesh on the left arm was torn so that it was found necessary to amputate the arm and he stood this operation bravely. His collar bone and shoulder blade was broken into several pieces and he had three fearful gashes cut in his head. He complained of terrible pains in his stomach and back and it is thought that his death, which occurred at about six o'clock, was caused by internal injuries. He was fifty-fire years of age and owned a fine farm of 100 acres. He was highly esteemed by his neighbors and friends and leaves a family to mourn his demise.

Two Boys Fatally Barned by a Powder

MEADVILLE, Pa., July 8. - Monday ever ing while several boys were celebrating the Fourth by exploding powder in a section of natural gas pipe one of them threw a handful of powder on a lighted paper which was being held to the pipe, exploding the whole and setting fire to the clothing of Eillot Cox. colored, and George Mobray, white. Their colored, and George Mooray, white. Their cries brought assistance, but not until their clothes were completely burned off. The Cox boy was fearfully burned about the loins and face, fiesh hanging in strips. There is no hope of his recovery. The Mobray boy was horribly disfigured and his charred and blackened body was a sad eight to look more.

to look noon.

Mr. Frank Weber, of Semville, Venango County, who had just returned home from Grover City College to spend the Fourth, was firing an anvil. It exploded, a piece striking him on the right ankle and nearly severing the foot from the leg.

Priceses that Through the Meart,
HOLDER, Mo., July 8.—Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock Fred Robinson and
one Cary were agreeted on a charge of
robbing the periodice at Hume, Mo. While
on the way to the juli Robinson broke away
from Marchal Healer, who had him in
charge. Heasler ordered Robinson to stop
or be shot. Robinson helted and turned half
round, when Hamier fired, the half passing
through Robinson's body, placeing the heart
and lodging in a tree fifty feet beyond.
Robinson remained standing until Heasler
oams up to him, when he fell dead. Heasler
gave himself into custody. A jury was inpaneled, but the inquest was postponed.
Much excitement exists, and the feeling
against Heasler is strong.

BATAVIA, M. Y., July 8.—About pin o'clock Tuesday evening Wm. Euright and August Scharff were seated in front of Bium-Scharff busying himself of paper for a charge. He fired at a post near by and the charge passed through the post. Scharff then entered the saloon, again loaded the musket, and going to where Enright was sitting pointed the musket at his back and pulled the trigger. The charge made a hole two inches in circumference and Enright died within half an hour, fighers was arrected. PENSIONS VETOED.

The President Sends Twenty-one Veta Messages of Private Pension Bills to the House.

WASHINGTON, July 7 .- President Cleve and yesterday afternoon sent twenty-veto messages to the House of Represer tives, twenty of them disapproving of pri-vate pension bills, and one vetoing a bill providing for the erection of a public building at Duinth, Minn. The President, in disapat Duluth, Minn. The President, in disapproving the Duluth building bill says: "After quite a careful examination of the public needs at the point mentioned, I am entirely satisfied that the public building provided for in this bill is not immediately necessary. Not a little legislation has lately been perfected and very likely more will be necessary to increase miscalculated appropriation for and correct blunders in the construction of many of the public buildings now in process of erection. While this does not furnish a good reason for disapproving the erection of other buildings, where actually necessary, it induces close scrutiny and gives rise to the earnest wish that new projects for public buildings shall for the present be limited to such as are required by the most pressing necessities of the Government's business."

most pressing necessities of the Government's business."

Of the twenty private pension bills vetoed, some that have already been rejected by the Pension bureau, are disapproved because of insufficient evidence to justify a pension, and others because the wounds or disease resulting in disability were not received or contracted while in line of duty. One noteworthy case disapproved by the President is that of Lewis Scanland, of Illinois, who is alleged to have contracted chronic diarrhea while serving forty days in the Black Hawk war in 1832. Scanland filed his application in 1884 when he was seventy-five years old. Of Scanland's cas the President, in disapproving it, says: "I am inclined to think it would have been a fortunate thing if, in this case, it could have been demonstrated that a man could thrive so well with the chronic diarrhea for fifty-two years, as its existence in the case of so well with the chronic diarrhea for fifty-two years, as its existence in the case of this good old gentleman would prove. We should then, perhaps, have less of it in claims for pensions. The fact is, in this case there is no disability which can be traced to the forty days military service of fifty-four years ago and I think little, if any, more infirmity than is usually found in men of the age of the claimant."

With these twenty vetoes the President

men of the age of the claimant."

With these twenty vetoes the President has disposed of the 141 private pension bills delivered to him on June 24—to-day being the last day allowed him by law for their consideration. The preparation of the voluminous reports of the history of each case which the President requires from the Commissioner of Pensions consumed all but two days of the ten days allowed him, but in that two days the President has personally examined each bill and carefully studied all the facts embodied in the reports of the House committee as well as the special re-House committee as well as the special re-ports prepared for his information by the pension bureau. The result is twenty bills vetoed yesterday, 120 approved and signed and one recalled. Of the 655 private pension bills which the President has examine to date 565 have been approved and ninety have been vetoed.

### BUSINESS FAILURES.

The Pennsylvania Tack Works, at Norris town, Pa., Seized by the Sheriff-Whole-sale Grocers Assign.

NORRISTOWN, July 7 .- The heaviest fall are that has occurred here for many years was reported yesterday and involves the Pennsylvania Tack works and Captain C. P. Weaver, its treasurer. Yesterday morning ten writs were placed in the sheriff's hands, and a few hours later the tack works property and the personality of Captain Weaver were seized and taken into execution at the direction of An ... Swartz and T. M. Childs, attorneys for the defendants. The

The executions aggregate about \$30,000.

The seizure includes all the property of the tack works, all the personality of Captain Weaver and the skating rink which has just been transformed into a most beautiful theater at great cost. The tack works are owned by a company with John Ralston president, C. P. Weaver treasurer and H. P. president, C. P. Weaver treasurer and H. P. Weaver secretary. There are other claims amounting to about \$40,000 against the works which are liable to be pushed at any time. The failure of the works is attributed to an unsuccessful attempt at combination. Notes had been given for \$20,000 worth of material belonging to the Central Manufacturing Co. which was formed in these notes fell due last Saturday and the tack works was unable to pay it without injustice to other creditors.

New YORK, July 7.—Stephen Moorhouse and James Herrican.

New York, July 7.—Stephen Moorhouse and James Harrison, composing the firm of S. Moorhouse & Co., wholesale grocers, corner of Hudson and Reade streets, made an assignment yesterday to James F. White, giving preferences for \$57,455. The list of preferred creditors is composed mostly of city banks. At the office of the firm it was stated that the assignment was solely due to the death, a few days ago, of H. H. Kattenharn, the step father of Mr. Moorhouse, who had been the endorser of the firm. His death necessitated a settlement with the firm and his estate, and not wishing the estate to lose anything the firm had assigned.

firm and his estate, and not wishing the estate to lose anything the firm had assigned. It is thought the liabilities will not exceed \$150,000. The assets are large and the firm expected to make a good showing.

CINCINNATI, July 7.—Moses Kusworm & Co., wholesale dealers in eigars and teas, assigned yesterday morning to D. J. Workum. Assetts \$25,000, liabilities \$40,000. Daniel Kusworm, the father of Moses, also assigned. Liabilities \$60,000, assets \$50,000.

## MEXICAN MATTERS.

The American Colony Celebrates the Fourth-Mexican National Railroad Subsidy. CITY OF MEXICO. July 6 .- The Ameri-

can colony here celebrated the Fourth of July by a ball on Saturday night, which was largely attended by resident and visit-ing Americans. Many distinguished Mexi-cans were in attendance. The National standard of Mexico was displayed on the Mexican Government buildings in honor of

Mexican Government outlangs in nonor of the day.

The subsidy to the Mexican National Railroad Company began July 1 with a trific over one-half per cent. on the customs revenue. The percentage will be increased on January 1 to three-fourths of one per cent and on July 1 next year to one and one-half per cent.

Chicago, July 7.—A company of Norwegians from the North Side were marching up Milwaukee avenue Monday, on their way to a pionic. The men carried a large American fiag, and were passing the corner of Erie street when several persons in the crowd drew revolvers and fired upon them. The fiag seemed to be their target, as six bullets were put through it. A. Milneson, a turner, was struck in the back of the neck by a spent ball, inflicting a slight flesh wound. The shots were evidently fired by socialist, but there were no policenson in sight, and the thoroughly frightened turners marched on at a double-quick, still holding aloft the clars and stripes.

Another "Gusher" at Finding, O.

Privolay, June 7.—The greatest enthusiasm was caused among oil men in this city Monday night by the announcement that the Whistletran well, belonging to Parker & Duke, had proven a "gusher," and was flowing at the rate of 300 barrels per day. Trenton rock was struck at a depth of 1,308 feet and the second screw developed a fine showing of oil. At the third screw oil was thrown over the derrick rope and work had to be suspended while the drill was only sixteen feet in the sand. The well has been flowing over since, and it is believed that it will make 500 barrels per day when drilled deeper. FINDLAY, June 7.—The greatest enth

A NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

How an Ir necent-Looking Tenderfoot Sub-dued a Dakota Terror. The hotel proprietor in one of the small Dakota towns glanced at the register to get the name of the guest who stood the other side of the counter, and then addressed him as follows

"I reckon, Mr. Grip, that I'll hev a hard time findin' a place fer you to sleep to-night. You see, there's been a smashup about three miles down the road, an' all the passengers has to stay here to-night."

"But I must have a place to sleep,"

returned the guest.
"Well, I s'pose I'll hev to put you in with Bill Jenkins. Ever slept with Mr. Grip acknowledged that he had

never had that pleasure. "Well," continued the proprietor "he's the only one I can put you in with. I'll give you fair warnin' bout his tricks, an' then if you want to risk it you kin. Bill's the dernedest kicker in these parts. When he gits to sleep he kin out kick any mule in thirteen counties. Why, stranger, one night we was crowded an' I put an Eastern feller in with Bill. Well, sir, 'long about three o'clock Bill got dreamin' an' got excited an' he jest braced his an' got excited, an' he jest braced his back up agin' the wall an' let fly. That was the last we see of that stranger until 'long in the afternoon, when he come limpin' into the office here pretty badly bunged up. He said he lit somewhere over in the next township."
"Kicks, does he?" remarked the

stranger placidly.
"Well, don't he jest? Howsomever,
ef you want to try him mebbe he'll be quiet-like to-night."

The tale seemed to in no wise disturb

Mr. Grip. He said very calmly that he guessed he would risk it, and asked to ee his valise a moment. He rummaged in that an instant, pulled out ar enormous pair of spurs and sauntered

The following morning the famous Bill Jefkins was found sleeping under the office desk. When awakened, he limped painfully across the room, took is stand by the stove and remarked.
"I guess you needn't put any more tenderfoots in to sleep with me."
"What's the matter, Bill!" asked the

proprietor, in surprise.
"Dern me, ef I know," was the sponse. "That there feller seemed to ev spikes growin' out of his feet."
"Why? What happened?" asked

dozen in chorus.

"Well, fellers, I'll tell ye, on the quiet. You see, I went to sleep all right, and got to dreamin' I was a mule or a jackass or suthin' o' that sort, an' I let fly with my feet. He lit to the floor some out in the middle of the floor some where, but didn't say anything—only crawled back into bed. I woke up when I kicked, an' it sort o' riled m to see him crawl back so calm like. tho't I hadn't put enough muscle into it, an' I was jest gettin' ready for another when he muttered kind o' savnge like and blazed away hisself. Say, fellers, did any of you ever sit down on a cir cular saw? No? Then you don't know nothin' about that kick. It pretty near made me howl. It hurt my feelin's, toc, fer I tho't my reputation was at stake, so the next time I turned loose, I made it a snorter. He struck up agin the wall and smashed a lookin'-glass: but he crawled back into bed agin jess as though nothin' had happened, and afore I knowed it he was dreamin again. I never got another whack at him. It jest kept me humpin' to keep clear of his feet. I felt jest as though a buzz-saw was goin' up and down my spinal column all the time. Once or twice I tho't I was hit with a piledriver loaded with sharpened spikes. Hey What's that? No; I guess you needn't saddle my hoss to-day. I don't believe s I want to ride any more this week I kin walk. You don't know what a comfort a feller's feet is sometimes. A look of pained surprise came into Bill's face at this moment, as he saw the strange tenderfoot come into the room and deposit a pair of bright spurs in his valise.—Rambler.

CARE OF HANDS.

How the Roughest and Hardest Hands Can Be Made Soft and White. There are not nearly as many secrets in hand treatment as people imagine. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wear-ing gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. These people should rub their hands with dry oat-meal and wear gloves in bed. The best preparation for the hands at night is white of egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. of stuff to use, and does not do the work any better than oat-meal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bed-time, and all the tools you need are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax and a little fine, white sand to rub the stains off, or a cut of lemon; which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean any

thing .- United Presbyterian. Removal of Spots and Stains. Matter adhering mechanically— Beating, bruising and currents of water, either on the upper or under

ide. Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc. - Simply washing with water at a hand heat. Grease—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine and Red Ink—On white goods, sul-phur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cottons or woolens, wash with luke-

cottons or woolens, wash with luke-warm soap, lye or ammonia; silks the same, but more cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matters—
Steeping in lukewarm water. If pep-sin or the juice of Carica papaya can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances is applied.—Chemic-Zeitung.

Zeitung.

The accumulation of books in the public library at Boston has increased so much that the city has appropriated \$450,000 for a new building.—Boston Post.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

TIRED.

"Must the road wind up hill all the way? Yes, to the very end." So tired—I fain would rest:
But, Lord, Thou knowest best—
I wait on Thee.
I will toil on from day to day,
Bearing my cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.

80 tired—my friends are gone, And I am left alone— My days are sad. Lord Jesus, Thou will bear my load Along this steep and weary road, And make me giad.

So tired—my heart is low;
Shadows of coming wee
Around me fall.
And memories of sins long wept—
And hopes denied that long have sleptArise and call.

So tired—yet I would work for Thee, For Thee! Lord, hast Thou work Even for me?

Small things—which others, hurrying on
In Thy bleat service, swift and strong,
Might never see.

Fo tired—yet it were sweet Some faltering, tender feet To help and guide. Thy little ones, whose steps are slow, I should not weary them, I know, Nor roughly chide. So tired—Lord, wilt Thou come
And take me to Thy home
So long desired?
Only Thy grace and mercy send,
That I may serve Thee to the end,
Though I am tired.

-Churchman.

Sunday-School Lessons. July 11-Jesus the Good Shepherd. John 10:1-18
July 12—The death of Lazarus John 11:1-15
July 25—The Resurrection
of Lazarus John 11:17-44
Aug. 1—Jesus Honored. John 12:20-38
Aug. 15—Jesus Teuching Humility
mility
John 13:1-17 Aug. 22—Warning to Judas and
Peter John 13:1-17

Aug. 22—Warning to Judas and
Peter John 13:21-38

Disciples John 14:1-14

Sept. 5—Jesus the True Vine. John 15:1-16

Ept. 12—The Mission of the
Spirit. John 15:1-16 Sept. 19—Resistant of the Sept. 19—Resis Interceding John 17:1-25
Sept. 25—Review. Service of Song: Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.

QUARRELSOME PEOPLE. One of the Most Fruitful Causes of Fall

ure in the Lives of Individuals and of Sc Ciety—A Question for Evolutionists—An

The facility humanity displays in get ting into quarrels needs the attention of evolutionists. Of course this quarrelsome trait has been developedevery thing has been developed-from nothing to speak of; but it is a cardinal rule of evolution that a trait is developed because it promotes the well-being of the plant or animal to which it be longs. But, pray, how has quarrelsomeness ever promoted the welfare of anybody? It is one of the most fruitful causes of failure in the lives of individuals and of society. On nearly every buried city one may write: "De strayed by quarrelsomeness." An old An old farmer when asked the reason why an American town had declined in a few years from 20,000 to 7,500 inhabitants, replied: "Too much fighting and not enough working." A quarrelsome man never yet succeeded in any proper sense of the term, and when a community gets fighting citizens it is good policy to hire them to emigrate. Quarrelsomeness is certainly a case of the survival of the unfittest. Of course there are cunning people who can make gain out of setting dogs or men by the ears; but that proves that facility in getting into quarrels is a trait advantageous to some other persons who are free from it. As though a bird had bright-colored plumage that the hunter might easily see it, even at midnight. We fear evolution will have to give up this bad trait as "an accident," that is to say, as a result of the fall of man. There is an old story of two grea shepherds whose herdsmen quarr

shepherds whose herdsmen quarreled.
Did the chiefs go to fighting, too? No;
one said to the other: "There is room
enough; go you to the right, and I will
go to the left; or go you to the left, and I will go to the right." This method of settling it is always open at the beginning of a quarrel. The original authors of a quarrel can usually be separated by somebody; and if good common sense ruled human conduct, the separation would be effected in some such fair way as Abraham em-ployed to separate the herdsmen of himself and Lot; but here poor human nature puts in an appearance. like to see a fight. Not more fifty-one men in one hundred will try to separate two dogs when these ani-mals are at each other's throats. A cynic at our elbow amends by growl ing: "Not one in one hundred; throw oil the odd fifty." It is strange, but it is true, that a man disposed to quarrel It is strange, but it always has encouragement, friends to rub his ears and cry: "Sic 'em," as boys do with angry dogs. The chance to see the fight, the passion for that form of amusement, gives the quarrel-some man abundance of support. In fact, a certain backing the poor man has will not let him retire from the Quacks have a fanoy name for it, but all can make it and spread it over their hands, and the job is done. They also make the Roman toilet paste. It is merely white of egg, barley-flour and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in olden time. Any way, it is a first rate thing; but it is a sticky sort of stuff to use, and does not do the originally made, we believe, by a Spanish priest, to the effect that "dumb beasts do at least half the fighting in these 'sports,' whereas, in more squeamish countries men do it all.' There might be an apology for dog-tights, if experience showed that they diminished man-fights.

The curious explorer of old novels and chronicles and poems knows that in all these tales there are quarrels, and that the interest of them is found in the feuds, vendettas and battles of the two parties in such strife. The serves the same facts. It is more pro saic now, that is to say, the poet has not yet burnished it into glory, but it is at bottom the same undying quarrel-someness of poor human nature. There someness of poor human nature. There are neighbors who have not spoken to each other for years, other neighbors who wage a relentless though petty war over back-yard fences. Petty, mean, disreputable it all is to some people; but the poor creatures in these quarrels have long since ceased to be sane on this subject. They live to hate each other and get the better of each other. That is a lost day to them which has no engagement of their contending forces. All life is drunk up in the passion for revenge. The peaceable reader does not half believe this. Let him look round and believe this. Let him look round and

sufficiently solemn, however, for a very large amount of human misery may be charged up to it. The fighting people get bruised, inside and out, and are never happy and seldom prosperous; but third parties get most of the blows. Innocent children and unfortunate women take the stones, the buckshot and the rifle-balls—not to speak of the sorrow, the poverty, and the bereavements which come of fighting. Beware, then, of the beginnings of a quarrel. Follow the example of Abraham. The world is wide. If you can not, positively can not, live with that neighbor, then emigrate before you get your teeth set for a nght. It is about the only thing one only—being but half of the whole—can do. If conciliation fails, take Abraham's way. Life is too short and too precious to waste in convenie. N cions to waste in quarrels.-N. Christian Advocate.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.

Be Actively Useful, Prompt in Doing, and

Appreciate the Blessings You Have. Buoyant spirits and happy thoughts are natural to the young, but youth does not always last. In our early years we must form those habits which will enable us to enjoy to the full extent all the years that God gives us. To that end let me give you a few simple rules:

1. Always be full of some earnes purpose. I think even Sisyphus must have been happier, perpetually rolling the same stone up the same hill, than he could have been age after age with nothing to to do. "Activity devoted to useful ends" is a good definition of happiness. Babies and kittens are happy without an aim in life, but theirs is a kind and degree of enjoyment which can not possibly content strong and growing minds.

2. If possible, never be behind in your work. Perhaps you have heard the old story of the sick boy whose physician declared that he had every symptom of declared that "Impossible," said the overwork. "Impossible," said the mother. "He is required to do nothing except to bring in one bucket of water each day." "When does he bring the doctor. "We try," each day." "When does he bring it?" said the doctor. "We try," was the answer, "to have it done in the morning, but he puts it off; and, though often reminded of it, he generally neglects it until we are obliged to call him up again after he has gone to bed, that he may bring it." "Ah." said the doctor, "that explains it all. Make him bring it early in the morning, and he will get well."

And he did. The work which we neglect and carry on our consciences wear us more than all that we do." Cook once wrote in a young girl's album: "Duty done is the soul's fire-side."

3. Form the habit of being thankful for your blessings. This is the key to that wonderful gift, contentment. There are many people dressed in silks and sealskin, and shining with beauti-ful jewels, who are covered with mortification because they are so illy clad, and full of anger to think that better garments are not theirs; while others whose scanty clothing is hardly decen or comfortable, have hearts full of gratitude and joy. Besides, thankful-ness, which binds us to other loving hearts, is the sweetest part of all th good we can get from our possessions. These three things will do much to make our lives happy. Let me make one other suggestion. Take care that your amusements are really recrea-tion. They must not be the business of life. When amusement becomes our chief pursuit, it soon palls on the taste. And when the power of enjoyment is lost in this way it is hard to recover. The power of recreation, like that of digestion, once impaired, can only be recovered with great difficulty and by

long abstinence Neither should amusement be a passion with us. Play rests us. Passion is like a fire which burns that on which it feeds, and ever calls for more. Beware of the games whose interest is stimulated by bets, or by those convenient apologies for bets, prizes. Beate hours and mornings heavy with languor and depression Some public amusements can never be healthy, because their promoters are compelled to make them popular by ever-varying methods of passionate excitement. Work is the business of life, and play, which diverts us from heavier care an I helps us to fellowship with kindred spirits, should not unfit us for it. With all, do not forget the highest aim for work, usefulness; and the best of all recreations, prayer.—Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, D.D., in Congregationalist.

# CHOICE SELECTIONS.

-An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. -Be true; in that is the secret of loquence and virtue; in that is moral

weight; that is the happiest maxim of art and life. -The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but harmony; it is not refusing

the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty.—F. W. Robertson. -We can easily manage if we will only take each day the burden appoint-ed for it. But the load will be too

heavy for us if we add to its weight the

burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it. -As life moves on, and our comrades and our leaders drop on this side and on that, and we look back through the mist of years on those whose friend ship or whose society long since set its mark on our own souls, how thankful do we recall those whose spontaneous and half-unconscious utterances once rebuked, it may be, or guided or en-couraged or inspired us; planted in our souls the germs of thought or the seeds of action.—Dean Bradley.

-Dr. Crosby, of this city, in a re-cent sermon on prayer, said: "If an ordinary man can avert the blow of another man, so can God interpose His will against nature by the very re-versal of nature, or by the interposi-tion of a higher nature." There is nothing in nature to prevent God from hearing and answering prayer, such being His will; and that such is His will we are are expressly informed in His Word.—N. Y. Independent. -Service of the least is, in a special

way, evidence of noble love. Christ Himself came "to save that which was lost." He was "friend of publicans and sinners," the outcast of society. He specially links Himself with the least; service of the least is, in a special degree, service of Him. His greatest love was shown toward the worst believe this. Let him look round and study a little, if he really cares to know that this "divine humanity" of ours loves fighting better than it does victuals. The fact is melancholy, but it is better to face it.

There is no help for it but in the grace of God. We have written with perhaps too little sobricty; but folly is best exposed by making it ridiculous, and there is nothing more ridiculous

He specially links Himself with the least; service of the least in a special victor of the least; in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least; in a special victor of the least; in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least; in a special victor of the least; in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least in a special victor of the least; we was shown toward the worst of men, and the most genuine evidence of our love to Christ is in our stooping to the least. The mind of Jesus should be in us in such degree that the least would be thought worthy of our highest effort.—Christian

TEMPERANCE READING.

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

We have heard how far away in India's land, When the siege of Lucknow held the gallant band,
How, when hope had failed, and naught but Jeath was sure.
And the staiwart hearts no longer could endure—

That a maiden heard—by power that none could tell.

Far away upon the earth where hastening footsteps fell.

Echoes of their coming—echoes of the song Till her soul was filled with joy, and the glad news rung

That the days of siege were over and relief was near.
Then they listened—those brave soldiers—but they could not hear.
But they nerved their souls to battle, for the woman's cry
Evermore re-echoed: "They are coming—help
is nigh."

All the world, as Lucknow, is a prisoner made By the fetters of the dram-shop on our hearth-stones laid; And our hearts are weary with the ceaseless And they faiter when the morning calls to strife again.

Strife again.

Oh! the footsteps as they echo through the years gone by.
Sixty thousand doomed from drunkenness to die!
Slow and heavy comes the answer, as the end farws near.
Sixty thousand in the siege to perish every year!

Sixty thousand in the siege to perish every thought I could hold out against an angel from Heaven, but I couldn't stand that poor, lame child."—Mary E. Bensen, in XVIth Amendment.

Mortgages the footsteps of sixty thousand lit-tie feet!

And the patter of the children, the tread of manly boys, Dearer to our mother-hearts than all of earthly joys— Fill our souls with shuddering terror, for the way they tread

Follows fast the footsteps of the sixty thousand dead.

And within the walls of Lucknow here we Stand, Soldiers brave as those who led that gallant band; All about us are the armies of the liquor power.
We are sigged and helpless in this darkest hour.

Listen! dinna hear it? E'er was sound so loud and clear and clear
As the little feet a-coming, coming near?
Face to foe and banners flying, hearts aglow
with giec:
"We will rout him, the vile demon, Temperance boys are we!"

And the girls are marching, too, singing as they come: "We will help to rout the demon for the love of home. In our schools we're learning how to shun the Of the sixty thousand drunkards marching every day."

We're a field-a Loyal Legion, and our mothers true,
Are a lighting with us, this demon to subdue,
And we'll keep the vallers with out footsteps
humming.
With the music of our feet—our little feet a-

For the Children's Crusade is in its beginning.
Tis far better to start right than to stop a sinning:
Raise the siege! Your Lucknow's free! List
the humming.
Of the million little feet—the little feet a--Esther T. Housh, in National W. C. T. U.

AN EFFECTIVE APPEAL. Now Ben. Brannan Was Induced to Close

His Saloon. At last they reached the establishment whose proprietor had so persistently refused to yield; the saloon was brilliantly lighted, and Brannan himself stood in the door. As the ladies passed he spoke to them very politely. and they commenced their meeting. It continued for half an hour, and then, in the interval between a prayer and hymn, he told them he had listened to had enjoyed it. He said he hoped it had amused them to come there day after day, and that he had no objection to their doing so for a few days, but it was now assuming the shape of a nui-sance, and if they did not discontinue these visits he would appeal to the law. He said he had as good a right to the capital the make a living for his family as any comfortable? man in the city, and if he chose to do so by selling liquor, it was nobody's business. He closed by an emphatic declaration that he had never harmed anybody by his saloon, and again told the ladies if they annoyed him any

more he would have them arrested. Just then the great clock in the court-house struck nine. It was near the hour for closing their meeting, and while Brannan and his party congratulated themselves upon a victory, the women prepared, oh, so sadly! to go away. Their faith had been so strong they had believed that God would com Their faith had been so strong. e his wonderful work that night, and now they must go, leaving it still

Suddenly they paused, for a childish

Suddenly they paused, for a childish voice, which had the depth of a woman's anguish, wailed out: "Oh, don't give it up, it's to save my father!"

Then they parted right an left, before the bent and twisted figure of Nannie Burke, who passed to the front of the crowd. As she stood there, with her tattered shawl thrown off, the light from one of the colored lamps falling full en her poor little form, on the floating hair and pale face, with solemn eyes—there was something so weird and strange in her appearance, as though she were a messenger from the world of spirits. "Ben. Brannan," she said, and the

whisky alone; he earns two dollars a day, and you know that's enough to keep us well. We live in a miserable that the reader may realize we little garret on Vine street; there is thrifts we are through rum: hardly enough fire to keep me from freezing sometimes, and I have had of the United States, with actual interpetation of the united States of the united States of the united which makes a brute of him; and yet years, and save the country nearly you stand there, Ben. Brannan, and say fifty millions a year in interest.

you do no harm. "It was whisky that made my father give me the kick down-stairs that left me like this: it is that which sends him me like this; it is that which sends him home at night to beat me with that crutch till I cry out for God to let me die. It was your whisky that made him abuse my mother till she died of a broken heart, and it was you that got him to break the promise he had made at her grave that he would meet her in Heaven, Ben. Brannan," cried the childish voice, breaking into wild sobat of all our iron and steel industries per of all our iron and steel industries per content. Heaven, Ben. Brannan," cried the childish voice, breaking into wild sobs at last; "and, oh, if your whisky kills him, body and soul, and he's parted from her forever, will you dare tell my mother, when you meet her at the judgment, that you never did any harm?"

The upparture of the sold, and he's parted from her forever, will you day the sold of our woolen goods and clothing, and \$210,000,000 for those of cotton—a total of \$447,000 co.

The unnatural strength which had spheld the ckild gave way at last; she tottered and would have fallen had not a tall, powerful-looking man pushed his way out from the salcon and caught the raway from the kindly, womanly ther away from the kindly, womanly costs us—in round numbers \$85,000,waste on rum.

The unnatural strength which had upheld the ckild gave way at last; she tottered and would have fallen had not a tall, powerful-looking man pushed his way out from the saloon and caught her away from the kindly, womanly hand stretched out for her. Holding the poer brave little girl in his arms, while the great tears rolled over his rough, brown face, he said:

Waste on rum.

There are many people who grean over the cost of our public schools, and consider the tax a burden; yet they cost less than one-tenth of what rum costs us—in round numbers \$85,000,—

Ponder these figures, and determine whether rum is worth what it costs us—Toledo Blode.

"It's all true, every word of it. I'm her father, poor lamb, and I've been just such a brute as she's told you; but I'm ready to sign the pledge to-night, ladies, and by the help of God I'll keep it. And now, Ben.," turning toward him as he spoke, "for the sake of the poor fellows like me who are so easily tempted, for the sake of their wives and children, for the sake of your own wife and baby, who is no prettier than my Nannie was once, I ask you to give up this miserable business."

Brannan had grown very pale while
Nannie and her father were speaking;
his pretty little wife was sobbing bitterly as she clung to his arm, and the
innocent face of his baby girl looked
up wonderingly into his. There was a
fearful struggle in the man's soul; how
could he yield when he had boasted
that he never would? But then, how
could he continue to sell the maddening
poison, which could make a man crush
and mangle the delicate form of his own and mangle the delicate form of his own little child? Then as the idea which Nannie had suggested came back to

Intemperance in Relation to the Labor

The most urgent want of labor today is self-control. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor. If he has thrift, self-restraint, persoverance, he will pass from the ranks of labor to the ranks of capital. It is the saving man who becomes the capitalist—the man who has force to deny himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American working-men, for instance! At a moderate estimate it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that enormous sum annually, with what show of consistency can it lament its condition? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgence would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of co-operative works, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for libraries and scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present the working-man can

hardly make both ends meet. Is it not

because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and, not content with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same objects of worship? The salcon in pol-itics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the working men withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers, who dis-grace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "pub-lic office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stiffes progress, pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the working-man's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages londest, when strikes are most fraquent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the them very patiently, and now thought the saloon flourishes still. There may be had to say. Brannan began by complimenting their music, telling them how much be and his customers selves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things con-tinues? Can working-men talk gravely of their wrongs while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the central they earn they would be the capital they earn they wor

> This aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a yearly waste of between four and five hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not suffi-cient opportunities, we can not long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this moment its drink-bill is an impeachment of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon can get on in the world, or has the least right to expect to get on. Nor can any body of men follow the same course with better results.—George F. Parsons, in Atlantic Monthly.

THE POCKET NERVE.

A Few Comparisons Showing the Ener mous Sum of Money Spent for Rum. It is a trite saying that "a man is most easily reached by touching the pocket nerve." People can appreciate a waste of money when they are callous to higher or nobler motives. It is an appalling fact that the outlay weak little voice grew firm and stern as an accusing angel's, 'my father, George Burke, is a kind and tender man when he lets large that the mind fails to grasp the enormity of this annual outlay, except by comparison. Let us institute a few, that the reader may realize what spend-

We spend as much for rum each year

as the total wages of all the working men of the country.

We pay out \$900,000,000 a year for rum, and but \$505,000,000 for all the